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THE LIFE OF LOVE

....BY....

EVANGELIST RUSSELL.

PUBLISHED BY

THE

PREACHER'S ASSISTANT,

CHASM FALLS, N. Y.



The Life of Love

... BY ...

Evangelist Russell.

*Author of "Be Filled With the Spirit," "The Palm
Tree Christian," Etc., Etc.*

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L.
[1899]



DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER.

*As I sit and think of mother,
And the happy days gone by,
Thoughts of mingled joy and sorrow
Spring like streamlets from my eye.
Joy, because God gave me mother,
One of Heaven's jewels rare;
Sorrow too, because when lonely
I so need her tender care.
Mother toiled and prayed and suffered.
Mother sacrificed her health,
That her boys might be true heroes
And fall heirs to heaven's wealth.*

Recent Poets, May 18

*Thought runs back o'er thirty summers
To that morn in spring time gay,
When your other God-stamped "shilling"
Went to shine in endless day.*

*Towering monuments of marble
Mark the spots where heroes won;
But dear Mother's unknown victories,
God rewards beyond the sun.*

*Dry your weeping eyes my mother,
Soon will dawn a brighter day;
Opening graves and coming loved ones
Then shall chase the night away.*

*We are waiting,—we are watching
For the coming of His feet;
When with father, sisters, brothers
And dear mother, we shall meet.*

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—BY—

REV. WALTER RUSSELL, B. A.

Sept. 11, 1899
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PREFACE.

A chiliad of characters, stands before me, whose names it would give me great delight to mention. I feel towards them a great debt of gratitude. Space forbids me saying more than, to them "I am a debtor." If this monographic message bears the fruitage, for which I have sowed and continually pray, my gracious benefactors, shall share in the crowns of rejoicing. My Saviour and I have walked, for a decade, in the sweet and un-

broken fellowship of the "Life of Love" and sincerely hope this testimony will carry great blessing to the hearts and lives of all who may have the opportunity and disposition to read its pages.

W. R.

INTRODUCTION.

In compliance with a request, as the Author's first friend, I write these few lines as an introduction to the following pages. Because an intimate acquaintance with him has not only opened to me, wider views of spiritual and Divine things, but attested that there are heights and depths of God's love and provision for man that are not generally apprehended or manifested in the lives of believers. I owe it to a charge of heresy preferred

against him, while yet a student, for my first acquaintance with him. I had read in our local press that a certain Presbytery was prosecuting a charge of heresy against a student, named, Russell, and some time afterwards, I was at a prayermeeting conducted by a lady evangelist who was urging the Wesleyan doctrine of "Entire Sanctification." A clergyman, who was present, at the close of the meeting enquired of her, if she knew a student, named, Russell, and she answered; "O yes, He knows more of God than any person I have ever met with."

Strange thought I, that such a man should be charged with heresy, and harassed about his belief! So feeling that such men, best deserved the love and support of a Christian, I

wrote to comfort him, and advised him to stand firm to the grace that had been given him; and it seems that I was the first person who openly appreciated what God had wrought in and for him, hence he honors me, by calling me "his first Galatian 4:15 friend," but who are now counted by thousands of the most spiritual men and women, in Canada and the United States. In reply to my letter of comfort and encouragement, he gave me a short history of himself and of God's wonderful dealings with him. I cannot do better than give the gist of his letter.

Dear Mr. Findlay, Glad to get your kind letter. It came just at the right time. It might be interesting for you to know the facts in the case.

I felt the constraining call of God, to preach the Gospel, burning in my being and found the way opening to take the preparatory Arts Course in McGill University. During the first summer I was sent to Manitoba "to prove the call" and found that although I was successful in securing \$200 for the Missionary Society and popular, in securing large audiences, many of whom, came twelve miles to Church, I saw no sorrow for sin and no fulfillment of what the Master said "Henceforth ye shall catch men." This state of affairs led me to the conclusion that something was wrong. The next summer, the same society sent me to a field on the Upper Ottawa, with the same results and a heart full of dissatisfaction. But the third year brought a

revolution, a regeneration a resurrection. Once more the Missionary Society of the Presbyterian College sent me to another field. I was a graduate of McGill and had completed the first year of the theological curriculum. During the month of June, a revival season was going on in Bristol, Que, my old home. And as I was within driving distance I went up. The Spirit of God was in the place though I knew Him not.

Mrs. Gordon, of Aylmer spoke in the meeting. Her face shone like the shekinah of God, I saw it and said: "That woman enjoys something to which I am a stranger." I was seized with a conviction that can never be told. In the aftermeeting, many of my old schoolmates, and neighbors were moved and

sought the Cross and the Christ, I tried to lead them but could not, but Mrs. Gordon came and had them rejoicing in sins forgiven in a few moments. That settled the question, that I needed an anointing with the Holy Ghost. But I got no help. All summer I went about my work as though I were transparent glass, and all the world could see that I was not right with God. I preached old sermons and dragged through the season, of all men most miserable. The Autumn came. Just about a month before returning to the Seminary, Mr. D. J. Craig, a Spirit anointed Presbyterian Elder, said: "Why dont you have revival meetings before going to college? It was quickly decided that it was a message from God. Rev. Eber Crummy, united with

us and the Methodists and the Presbyterians for the first time, in that community formed an Alliance to storm the citadels of sin.

Without exception all the ministers for miles around came to our assistance. We invited Mr. and Mrs. Gordon to help. O what days! They were days of heaven! Mr. Gordon is a lawyer, but kindly consented to come up and help on Sunday

The first Sunday was for the Young missionary minister. Mr. Gordon spoke from Rom. 15: 29 and as that Spirit swayed messenger flashed the truth from the throne of God, O what pressure came upon my soul! The billows of fire surged about me and when I said "Yes to Jesus," my whole being was suffused with the power of the Holy Ghost.

My body burned, my mind sparkled and my spirit was swept by the Pentecostal baptism. An unquenchable passion for the Glory of God and an insatiable desire to see sinners saved, became the undivided ambition and aspiration of my life.

W. R.

From that moment, though his experience subjected him to be misunderstood, and I had almost said, persecuted, he became a flame of fire, and had wonderful power over an audience, far beyond what one could understand to be due, to the weight of his discourses. I have seen an audience refuse to go home till midnight. I have seen him condemned, insulted and abused, but getting permission from the person so treating him, to kneel

in prayer with him, that same person, before two minutes had elapsed, was all broken up and in tears, and when we rose, passionately clasping the evangelist's hands and blessing him. That old redeemed sinner soon found peace and is a living monument of the long sparing mercies of God. Wherever he has been, there is to be seen what wonderful things God has wrought through human agency.

I believe that Mr. Russell's ministerial brethren in Canada, from whose ecclesiastical connection, for the sake of peace, he had to sever himself, have undergone a blessed change of sentiment towards him—"his doctrine" and experience—the Baptism with the Holy Ghost are no longer subjects of fear,

suspicion and dread. But with some, if not with many of them, a matter of earnest, expectancy and prayer. That these few pages may be the means of opening up a vista to the reader, of the illimitable and glorious privileges of the believer in Christ Jesus, as the God man Who came to save His people from their sins, is the wish, prayer and hope of the Author's friend.

James Findlay,

Beachburg,

Ont., Canada.

THE LIFE OF LOVE.

BY EVANGELIST RUSSELL.

NOT even Paul who eclipsed Gamaliel and outshone Hillel, could have conceived, and painted the seraphic picture contained in the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, had he not climbed the mystic ladder of faith, to the throbbing heart of God, and dipped his brush in the pigments of Spirit-illuminated Revelation.

Love has been called, "The Greatest Thing in the World." It has been labelled,

“The Best Thing in the World.” Hosts of adventurers of faith and hope, have come from its depths and illimitable breadths, laden with the richest spoil, but have no where found Pillars of Hercules, upon which to carve: “NE PLUS ULTRA”—there is nothing beyond. With uncovered feet, a bowed head and a heart filled with one consuming desire, to glorify God and give a cup of blessing to the thirsty world, we send forth another carrier dove on the gold tipped wings of love.

The 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians naturally divides itself into four great cardinal divisions and we will look at them as defined by the architectural plan of the Revelator.

I. Competitors of Love.

Not a few teachers of the "deep things of God" have fallen into the error, that the great Apostle is here and elsewhere belittling and berating that blessed category of enviable qualifications to be found in the three opening verses of this love chapter.

Such an idea is not in all his thought. He is well aware of the fact that man's tripartite nature, raised to the highest degree of development, is the best medium, through which the Divine mind can convey His plans and purposes to the race.

A body deficient in any of its members, organs or senses, limits the mind and the mind undeveloped in any of its faculties, limits the Spirit. The psychical man sends his

commerce down and through the highways of the senses; and the heaven born resources of the Spirit seek avenues and channels of outlet through the psychical man.

We do not enhance the value of gold by calling iron mud, but by raising the baser metal to its highest value, in the form of a pen, putting it into the hands of a Milton to do more to emancipate an empire than the sword of a Cromwell. Then refining the gold seven times and transforming it into a regal crown, adorned with precious and priceless stones, give it the highest place on a monarch's brow before whose lustre the nations bow.

Love will brook no substitute and Paul teaches us that the enumerated gifts as competitors of love are hopeless; as counsellors

of love they are helpless; but as humble and obedient commissioners of love they are herculean.

a. Eloquent earnestness. "Man has no majesty like earnestness." One's oratory may be characterized as reason made red hot with passion and his speeches as chain lightning. He may throw the golden chain of seraphic eloquence around the enchanted audience that hangs on the words that fall from his golden mouth, and sway the excited multitude like the unfettered storm bends and breaks the forests of the centuries and yet if he have not love, his impassioned eloquence, is like the discordant clanging of a tinkling cymbal.

b. Foresight. "Though I have the gift of

prophecy." The wrecked remains of the God made prophetic faculty in man has, for six millenniums, been burning with an insatiable hunger to foresee—to pre-horizon the coming future. The click of the telegraphic apparatus, is announcing to us now that a wonderful invention has been conceived in Austria, called the "Far seen," by which an object, with all its colors may be rendered visible though situated round the corner, by means of the transformation of light waves into electric waves. But such eagle-eyed perspicacity, without love is like a bat beating its way sightlessly amid the insufferable blaze of the meridian sun.

c. Insight. "And understand all mysteries." It was Keplar that piloted science

into the skies. He may be called the Columbus of Astronomy. When he was making his investigations of the planetary and stellar worlds and searching for the mystery of planetary motion, he made seventeen, before he made the eighteenth and successful experiment. He said: "I will suppose the paths of the planets to be an elipses." This key fitted every ward of the hitherto stubborn lock and the door that had been shut for ages flew open and the Astronomer threw up his hands in ecstatic rapture and exclaimed: "O Almighty God, I am thinking thy thoughts after Thee." But this is but the broad avenue of approach to Our Father's House. The mysterious and nebulous hosts, that refuse their secrets to the most far reaching teles-

cope, when explored and peopled by coming astronomical science, will still reveal in the ever widening and deepening beyond, a region of mystery.

We need not weary ourselves in the star sown fields of immensity. About us and beneath us is mystery. Who does not know it? Who does not stand with bated breath to hear the next discovery in the domain of mystery? This terrestrial home of ours is one gigantic Sphinx. Like the sage of all time it propounds unending chains of the most perplexing riddles. Riddles that weary and wear out the longest-lived science.

A few, of the general facts marks the geographical boundaries of our boasted sciences and philosophies. The stony crust, of

the deepest mysteries has never received a blow, much less a fracture from the hammer of the investigator. Yet the Apostle is bold to declare that we may be able to solve all the mysteries and if we have not love we are nothing.

d. Through-sight. "And all knowledge." The prognostic has failed, the epignostic shoots wide of the mark and what shall we hope for the diagnostic?

Words fail us to express the gratitude and the sense of our indebtedness to the master minds that have invaded the atomic world, and brought to light its hidden treasures; the Bosios who have discovered and explored the catacombs; the Archaeologists whose spade has brought to our wondering vision the em-

pires of the past; the sages who have interpreted to us the sibyls of the sky.

The mind of man has made successful attacks on three worlds. He has made a time table of the inanimate from the atom to the Alcyone. He has written the history of the lower animal world from the monad to the mammoth. And under the 'inspiration of the Almighty' has registered the destiny of undying spirits from sinners doomed to saints redeemed that bow and burn before the throne of God. But although the alembic of the human mind can turn stars into astronomy, atoms into chemistry, rocks into geology, plants into botany, colors into beauty and sounds into harmony, without love it is nothing.

e. Eye-sight. "Though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains." There is an old addage "seeing is believing," that is not strictly true. But believing is seeing. Faith is a substantial thing. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for." The enemies of Christ said at the crucifixion: "Let Him come down from the cross that we may see and believe." The child of God believes and before his vision Christ stands in all His splendor. Faith tastes the fruit before the blossom falls. Faith drinks from the fountain when sight wails mirage. Faith is clairaudient and hears the song of the birds of Paradise in the unhatched eggs. Faith is clairvoyant and sees the country without a cemetery and the system without a sun amid all the billowy

sweep of death and wailing Jeremiads of woe and with all this, without a qualifying tone the peerless Apostle thunders 'without love I am nothing.'

f. Oversight. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor." We cannot but admire and commend the spirit of benevolence that has been manifested by large hearted men. The tangible response that springs from the sympathetic heart and material resources of the Christian nations, to help a fire swept city or a famine stricken people, cannot but beget in our hearts the deepest feelings of commendation. And at the same time it is possible for men to build, and fill and throw open to suffering humanity large store-houses of supply and be doubly destitute of

the love that is born in the heart of the Eternal.

g. Martyrdom. "And though I give my body to be burned" Is it too much to say that perhaps no martyr ever went to the stake with a bolder step and indifference to pain, than characterized the stoical sternness with which Servetus faced the punishment of death for his faith or rather want of faith. How shall we estimate love? "Were all the world of parchment made" it would not be sufficiently voluminous in which to make an itemized inventory of love. The sun can be weighed by means of tides and by comparing the curvatures of the terrestrial and lunar orbits. "The philosopher sits with scales in hands as Homer says Jupiter did on Ida, to

weigh the contending fates of Greece and Troy. He puts the earth into one scale and rolls the sun into the other. The earth flies aloft with tremendous precipitation. He throws in two worlds like ours—ten—one hundred—one thousand with scarcely better success. In a fit of impatience he throws all the earths he has into the capacious scallop. At last there is a see-sawing and an equipoise. With mingled curiosity and astonishment he counts his globes and finds he has three hundred and fifty two thousand.” But put love on one scale and pile upon the other the countless constellations of stars and numberless galaxies of suns that sing and shine in the shoreless infinite, on the other and love will outweigh them and toss them to the four

winds like the chaff of the summer threshing floor.

II. Constituents of Love.

It should not be forgotten that the word (AGAPE) love is a word born within the breast of revealed religion. It occurs in the Septuagint (2 Samuel 13: 15; Canticles 2: 4; Jer. 2: 2) but there is no trace of it in any heathen writer whatever, and as little in Philo or Josephus. The utmost they attain to is philanthropy and philadelphia and the last never in any sense but as the love between brethren in blood. Steam has indeed made the race mechanically cosmopolitan and electricity, geographically ubiquitous but love alone can make of all ranks and conditions of men, one blood and one tongue.

Some time ago we found the following recipe for Golden Cake—1 cup of faith, 1 cup of zeal, 3 good resolutions, 1-2 cup of milk of human kindness, 1 teaspoonful of forbearance; flavor with the essence of humility, season with the spice of wisdom and fruit of good works. Bake through a life time in the oven of righteousness and cover with the frosting of purity.

To live like Christ; to serve like Christ; to suffer like Christ; to love like Christ and to die like Christ we must have a character whose constituent parts correspond with the constituents of love.

1. Long suffering. When we think of the power of God we usually think of creation, the whirl of suns on suns. But there is no

proof of Divine power greater than His long suffering patience. Why does God not clean the earth and engulf the scenes of iniquity? Why does He not let loose a torrent of fire and sweep the Augean Stables into the Abyss? Why does the thunderbolt not smite the blasphemer? The flower sown carpet of earth, the pent up wrath of God and the silent untorn heavens, under the feet and above the proud head of iniquity are the greatest exhibition of power on this side the great white throne. It is God showing power over Himself—power over the Omnipotent. Law strikes to conquer, love suffers to conquer. “Evil for good is demon like; evil for evil is brute like; good for good is man like and good for evil is Christ-like.” Love is long-feelinged.

Love suffereth long.

2. Kindness. It is just possible to suffer long and be flinty and hard—but “love suffers long and is kind.” Kindly. It is the feeling one has for his kin. When one member of the body suffers from a sudden wound—a thorn prick or severe laceration, the others fly to the rescue and begin to sympathize. It is to the mystical body of Christ what the remarkable science of telepathy is to the physical body. It answers the question of what causes the strange feelings of sorrow and suffering, that frequently come over the soul of any one who is living in inseparable and vital touch with the Lord. Some other member of Christ’s body is under severe pressure, it may be a thousand miles distant and we

share the burden and feel the pain by the way of our common Head. However we may regret many expressions of feeling and conduct and feel the stroke of rebuke or reproof when we meet our fellow men and are closeted with God, there never comes a discolor to the cheek, a tear to the eye or a twinge to the heart for being kind.

3. Generosity. "Love envieth not," "Wrath is cruel and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy." Love is not jealous. What gnawing heart burnings, multitudes of good people suffer! The merciless spirit of envy, stung the enemies of our Lord into a blood thirsty rage, till like the sleuth hounds of hell, they panted for the life of the Saviour. The globules of envy are

still in the blood of the race and the slightest wind of opposition is enough to toss the whole nature into billows of rage and lash the soul into seething seas of hate. It is like the discovery of a new world to find the whole being suffused with the love of God, and feel the throbbing heart beat of Infinite love for all the race from the gates of death to the Highlands of glory.

4. Tenderness. "Is not rash;" is not vain-glorious. Weakness is always rough. Strength alone can be tender. God's mighty irresistible physical forces step with the majesty of the earthquake and at the same time with the silent softness of the falling dew. Perspiration is not inspiration and noise is not power. Berating is not bestiring and it takes

little or no grace, to say nothing about love, to berate and denounce. When the Revelator saw the sealed book, he wept and the elder said: "Weep not; behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David hath prevailed to open the book." He looked for a lion and behold a lamb. It is the Little Lamb that shall yet subdue all things. Love makes us lamb like. "Behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves." The lamb spirit like its Master, amid the malignant hate of wicked men; before the time serving cruelty of Pilate's court, and the illegal, ignominious death of the cross, opens not its mouth, and on the brow of Hattin opens it wide and pours forth streams and rivers of benediction, vivify and beatify generations yet unborn.

*"The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood."*

5. Humility. "Is not puffed up;" is not inflated, is not blown up. Humility is an ingredient so delicate that it is hard to handle. It is the inimitable perfume of love. It is the fine silken fabric upon the maturing fruit, woven by the Creator's hand, so delicate that the gentlest hand with the finest needle, cannot touch it without breaking the tissue.

Humility is the hush of the Holy Spirit in the heart. It is the Christ spoken stillness to the storm tossed soul. It is a sea of oil where the mind is never 'fretted nor vexed, nor irritated nor sore nor disappointed.' It is

the ocean calm, when an euroclydon is driving to destruction military armadas, and the commerce of nations on the surface of the waters. It is to be plunged into the abyss of God, and to dwell in the secret place of the Most High without a palpitating fear when all about us is swept by the simoon tempest of desolation and despair.

6. Politeness. "Doth not behave itself unseemly." "A man of fine manners shall pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could ever add." It is a sure sign of cheapness to see furniture so highly polished that the kind of wood cannot be detected—whether it is birch or ash or maple. It is true that a man may be as graceful as a seraph and at the same time as grace-

less as satan. But it is just as true that much that passes for holiness, is not even homely holiness, but hard-headed uncouth rusticity. Politeness may not be polish, but a well fitting, well polished shoe, blameless broadcloth and spotless linen; a modest modern made dress, a becoming hat, with tastey feathery furnishings, frequent sanitary ablutions, a moderate use of EAU-DE-COLOGNE, and the sweet adjuncts of the toilet need never make holiness blush. Indeed you may dip your pen deep in the ink horn of scholarship and write in copious English; you may sit in a German Aerostat, discover and explore new realms of thought; you may be the centre of the highest society and in the versatile conversation of the French be the cre-

ative source of all true social intercourse; you may sweep the Spanish key board and Orpheus like charm birds and beasts and men and angels and at the same time be the embodiment of a character and conduct, the out-shining of the most seraphic saintliness.

7. Unselfishness. "Seeketh not her own," and some one has added "rights." To change the figure for a moment. This is the pivotal point. This is the crisis stage. This is the key stone of the arch, without which the whole structure, tumbles into a detached, incoherent mass of rubbish. This is the sun of the system, without which, all the concentric systems, dash themselves to pieces in a frozen hell and rush with incalculable velocity into the abyss of darkness. It is the ingredient

without which the life will be sour and distasteful. The selfless life is the miracle of history. The selfless life is master of all the mysteries. The selfless life is the peerless phenomenon of philosophy. The selfless life is the Colossus of Calvary. The unselfing of self entails a battle, before which Thermopylæ, and Marathon, Waterloo and Gettysburg vanish into the obsolete and gives us a hero with the world, the flesh and the devil beneath his feet. Self-denial is one thing, to deny self is quite another. We may deny many things to self and yet self may sit all the while on the throne of a self inflated bubble. Many a testimony and life is worn out in belaboring efforts at self denunciation. It is not the denunciation, but the renunciation of

self that settles the self life. Peter denied the Lord by the most superlative, expressions, that to his ken there was no such a person as Jesus. To deny self is to ignore it, nay more, is to reckon ourselves dead to it and treat it as though it had no existence. The self centered life is the, "personal pronoun I extended perpendicularly and horizontally, till top wise and side wise, the whole of space and time is filled with it; no solid earth, no burning sun, no rolling orbs are left; a great illimitable, irresponsible ego becomes the sole occupant of all that is." Even Socrates the martyr of philosophy was ego-centric. He did not bend, he did not bow, but his thoughts reverted to himself. "The first personal pronoun is conspicuously prominent in

his famous apology. Socrates is in almost every sentence. He uses the pronoun "I" four hundred and thirty times, "me" one hundred and fifty one times, besides "my" and "myself" almost as many. But Stephen the martyr for the truth of the Holy Ghost, amid the shower of stones, hurled by demonized hate, triumphantly exclaims: "I see the glory of God and Jesus, standing on the right hand of God." And Paul the martyr of "the Mystery" in a storm of Roman rage, peals forth the stupendous statement: "Not I but Christ."

*There is a foe within the breast,
The Christian well may fear;
More subtle far than inbred sin,
And to the heart more dear.*

*It is the power of selfishness,
That proud and wilful "I;"
And ere my Lord can dwell in me,
My very self must die.*

8. Good temper. "Is not provoked." Is not marked by paroxysms. Is not fitful. Mr. Drummond says: "Temper is the vice of the virtuous" and gives a list of the elements that go to make up ill-temper. "Jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, sulkiness, touchiness, doggedness." A seething Vesuvius torn by the pent up flame, ready to burst forth in a lava tide of death upon all who would insinuate an offensive act to the self constituted autocrat.

The life that has obtained this grace, has been through the shades, nay the dense dark-

ness of Gethsemane and under the tremendous tonnage of that press has dropped the ruby jewelled bead of perspiring agony; it has passed along and crouched under the burden of the via dolorosa with Jesus; it has stood in Gabbatha like a lamb in the shambles before a blood thirsty mob and a time serving, man fearing judicatory; it has been to Golgotha and amid the cyclonic storm, fanned by the black apostasy into incarnate fury, has been crucified with Christ; it has been "buried with Him," and has felt the warm heart beat of the rising Christ and has come forth, mounting on the wings of resurrection life.

The reason he is not ruffled and moved by little things is because he has stood in the

serenest calm, by the Angel's side in the unfettered euroclydon. The reason he is not overwhelmed by the tide of opposition, is because he has been moulded into a mass of moral mightiness and like a Gibraltar throws back the storm-lashed sea into the impotence of silvery spray. The love filled life stands in the sweet and serene sublimity of the triune God, majestic as the flinty rock of the eternal hills and tender and sweet as the tiniest flowers that adorn their brow.

9. Thinketh no evil. Failing to distinguish between things that differ, at this point, many earnest souls are surrounded by unaccountable difficulties. The holiest man passes a spot where once he saw an unhallowed picture, or heard an unsavory speech, and

the indistructible law of association reproduces the scenes. The whole circumstance seizes upon him with fire tipped claws, and while his whole being recoils and shrinks as from a viper, he may involuntarily and irresponsibly think of evil. But thinking evil and thinking of it may be as far removed from each other as the East is from the West.

10. "Rejoiceth not in Iniquity." In the closing five verses of the first chapter of Romans, Paul paints the picture of human history and in the starless back ground defines a Character that not only commits the nameless iniquities but actually takes delight in those that do them. To one, into whose mind has been instilled the doctrine of total depravity, the above picture can

scarcely be too highly colored, but the riddle that perplexes, is how the people of God can practice unholy habits and treat with stoical indifference the sinful conduct of wicked men. We are asked over and over again: "Can a Christian sin?" Did you ever notice how Paul puts the question? "How can we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" It is true a good man may fall, but it should be a surprising accident and ought to so blister and burn him that he would never repeat the same wrong. And the spiritual senses of God's people ought to be and may be so healthy, refined and sensitive, that instead of rejoicing at, or being indifferent to evil, the whole nature should abhor the very approach as did the sinless soul of our Saviour on the

CROSS.

11. "Rejoiceth in the truth." "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." "Rejoice in the Lord always and again I say rejoice," form the terminal notes on the keyboard of Christian life. Mr. Spurgeon once wrote a letter to a friend in which he had put a piece of music of his own composing. The letters, making up the names of four acute diseases from which he suffered—rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and gout formed the notes and a post script from the suffering saint said: "This tune is being played on my bones." In Ephesians 2:10 we read "For we are his workmanship," literally, poem. Sin has taken the rythm out of the soul and thrown the whole creation into discordant

chaos. Generation is prose, but in regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, the creative Artist writes poetry and the Holy Spirit puts it to music, whose rythmic harmony, touches the key board of the angelic orchestra, till it bursts into diapason thunderings of melody, whose returning waves of heavenly harmony transform the heaven-born soul into an Aeolian harp that responds to every thorn prick zephyr or hurricane, in doxologies of delight.

12. "Covers all things." The root word is a roof and so to the oriental mind it does a two fold work. It covers all that is below and bears all that is above. Law is always looking for our vices, love is always looking for our virtues. Law hunts up, love covers up.

Law will put the detective force of justice on the track of the wrong doer and, unceasingly follow him to the ends of the earth and mercilessly drag him to the place of trial and hurl him from the electrocutioners chair into a black eternity. Love will untiringly pursue the wayward boy till he is doubly dyed in the most unpardonable crime. When the uplifted hand of Nemesis is ready to descend with the unsheathed instrument of death, love bares her spotless breast to the sharp, soulless edge of justice and dies for the victim.

*When public opinion burns us at the stake,
And covers us o'er with its sting:*

*What a comfort to hide like a hawk driven dove
Neath the soft down love of a fond mother's wing*

13. "Believeth all things" and it might

be scripturally added, "whatsoever the Father hath spoken unto us." Faith must have a basis and that basis the word of God. "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God." There is a false idea abroad that spiritual things belong to aerial heights and by a process of straining endeavor, they are distilled and become realities to the soul. But, indeed, it is faith that is real. Faith is substantial. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for the proving of things not seen." That "Love believeth all things" is a statement calculated to arrest the attention of the most devout, and intensely active children of God. "I will show thee my faith by my works." If this be the test, how the multitudes who profess to love God stand con-

demned before: "If ye love me keep my commandments." The unutterable groanings and heart rending cries of pagan and heathen millions have been memorializing and importuning the heart of God for centuries and the Go of the Galilean, like a chime of bells has been pealing day and night from the belfry of Revelation, to the Church of God: "Look ye," "Pray ye," "Give ye" and "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

14. "Hopeth all things." Hope is the anchor of the soul. There is much that is called truth, in art, architecture, poetry and sculpture. But the iron tooth of time and the disintegrating tendencies of chemical change will dissolve them like the bareless fabric of

a dream. In a New England church, in a seaport town, a master hand had just given the last artistic touch to an emblematic anchor above the pulpit, and was standing back in the auditorium, admiring his best production. An old time worn, weather beaten sailor, who had been in the deep, and who had seen the angry sea open its mouth like the jaws of death, and show its teeth, ready to crush and destroy the heaviest transatlantic steamer. He looked for a moment at the beautiful anchor on the wall. Then like a sage and seer he remarked: "It is pretty but it wouldn't be much good in a storm." It is not enough to have a good anchor and good anchorage. The anchor must be anchored. The popularly expressed hope, is almost hopelessly diluted

with insecurity and lack of confidence. But the Bible hope is synonymous with confident expectation or assurance. Hope anchored in the riven side of the Rock of Ages, will secure the soul when the earthquake tread of time's dissolution shall shake the material universe.

15. Endureth all things. As the soul comes to the edge of this stupendous statement and looks down into its unfathomed abyss: As it throws out the line and plummet, in vain does the ear wait for the responding click that announces the bottom has been reached. What can it do but exclaim: "O the depths!" The electric winged mind sweeps the horizon of human history, scans the oppressed and the oppressor from the first hu-

man hand, stained with the blood of a brother, to the climax tragedy of history—the immaculate Son of God dying for the sin of the world. Then with eagle-eyed perspicacity takes a view of the last eighteen centuries much of whose history has been written in blood and Love untiring, unfermenting love has endured it all. Allow me once more to change the figure from the chemical to the mechanical. It is interesting to notice that the above category begins and ends with suffering or bearing. The Grand Trunk bridge, over Niagara's gorge is one of the most remarkable pieces of engineering skill. At a cost of about one million dollars, six million pounds of steel are so constructed, that a pyramid of engines, a mile high, could

be borne on its broad shoulders and the commercial tonnage of two nations does not phase its herculean muscle. But let us think of "Love suffereth long" and "Love endureth all things" as the arched bearers and all the other graces wrought steel supports, and the whole structure the incarnate product of the Master Builder and have we not a bridge of Colossal Christian Character, over which God can send the commerce of the heavenly country, to supply the ever deepening need, and satisfy the hunger of a sin famished world? Give me love, burning love and I will climb from law to law, through grace and glory to the place beside the throne, where angels sing and shine and always do the will of God.

III. Continuity of Love. Never goes to shore. "Love never faileth." In the commercial world and the exchanges of men, we estimate the value of goods, by their powers of endurance. From the gaudy colors of fashion to the most imperishable material in the world's throbbing traffic, the questions are asked: "Is it a fast color?" or "Will it wear?" Change is written on all we behold, in sea and earth and sky. "Limited" is indelibly carved upon all that is beneath the sun. Were this boasted earth of ours solid coal, we could put over a million of such earths in the sun and the volcanic flames and cyclones of fire rushing a hundred miles a second would consume them all in fifty centuries.

When God was calling Abraham ages ago,

a wind-wafted seed, hidden in a dry husky shell, was planted in a rich Californian valley and under the kind influence of heat and moisture sprang up. When the patriarch died it was a tender sapling. Three hundred years passed way and we hear the thundering steps of Moses and six hundred thousand people following an Emancipating God, through a crystal canal to the land of liberty and our tree is still reaching to heaven. Take a giant stride of five hundred years and we are walking with Solomon in all his glory before Greece and Rome are born and the tree is still growing. A thousand years more and the miracle of the ages appears, the climax tragedy has been enacted, the triple alliance of Roman rage, Jewish jealousy and hellish

hate, has been defeated at the new tomb in Joseph's garden and that tree still lives. And now almost nineteen centuries of marvellous history, have been swallowed up of time. America has been discovered and with a bound has sprang from a "terra incognita" to a foremost place among the nations. And that Californian pine, ever green, towering a hundred feet higher than Washington's monument, has been the contemporary of Abraham, and Moses and Cæsar and Napoleon. and has flourished in perennial beauty, while a hundred and twenty generations of men have appeared and passed away. But there stands a day on the Calendar of time when all the foliaceous splendor of the earth shall pass away. The barren sand, of the great

Sahara is a vast ocean of fossil shells that once throbbed with living beings and whole ranges of mountains are made of the dead bodies of countless hosts of microscopic creatures that found a burial place in the depths of the sea and piled so high that in many places they came to the surface and made a basis for mighty empires. Passing away—but love never faileth.

And so the mighty nations are like the drops in the bucket, or the ephemeral might of an army of grasshoppers. One stroke of an angel's wing and Assyrian hosts have passed into inglorious history. Persian civilization with its sun worship has passed into starless night; Greek civilization with poetry, art and its multitudinous metal and marble

gods, has fallen into the slough of despair; Rome with her civilization of law and order, has been crushed by the accumulative weight of her own iniquity: and even Jewish civilization, though marked, by Shemitic reverence, Hamitic force and Japhetic culture, because of her sapless piety and Christless creed has been dismembered and scattered like chaff to the four winds and trodden under the feet of all nations, but love, because it comes from the immutable God, intensely alive with His power, the outshining of His glory, radiant with His ineffable light, pulsating with His truth, bearing the everlasting Gospel, pregnant with the gifts of healing and invested with Omnific authority, shall never pass away. Persecutions bloody

and relentless are waged. The fires of hate are kindled. Storms from the social, political and ecclesiastical sky, roll their thunders and unsheath their lightnings and with the howl of unfettered fiends empty their rage on the love born movement. But nothing impedes it. Fire inspires it, persecution intensifies it, death does not alarm it. Love never faileth, Love shall never pass away.

1. Prophecies shall fail. Not in the sense of being defeated, but shall literally fulfil the purpose for which they were God-breathed from the most microscopic minima to the most telescopic maxima and shall take their honored place in the archives of the eternal past. Let us use prophesies in the comprehensive sense, of the entire Revelation of

God to man. "The law of Moses is 700 years older than the jurisprudence of Lycurgus; it is 2000 years older than that of Justinian; it is 2,700 years older than the Magna Charta; it is 3,300 years older than the code of Napoleon and almost as many years older than the Constitution of the United States." Out of the Decalogue has sprung all the stately palaces of justice and legislative halls of the centuries. From it has come, homes of mercy, hospitals, jails and all the military magazines of defensive power, steel coated hosts of our standing armies and it supplies the fuel that drives the armadas of war and hurls the projectiles of destruction against pagan and anti-Christian cruelty and throws open the hermetically sealed gates, that the Gospel may

be preached to all nations.

But law shall be raised to its highest potentiality in love; the psalms shall dissolve in the harmonies of heaven; prophecy shall be fulfilled in the noonday blaze of historic reality; the Gospels and Epistles, that mercifully veil the insufferable splendor of the Saviour, shall be rent in twain like the veil of the temple and the weeping Revelator with all the blood washed throng shall realize the apocalyptic vision and shall be "before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne

shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

2. Tongues shall cease. The epistle of James has been called, "that Epistle of straw." But a critical examination of that analysis of the tongue leads us to the unanswerable conclusion that it was written by a pen dipped in the ink horn of inspiration. The victory over the tongue is the inspired proof and definition of the perfect man. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man and able also to bridle the whole body." The unregenerate tongue is a merciless tyrant, inflammable, iniquitous, infectious, infernal, inconsistent, incorrigible and incurable. But the other tongue, the tongue of the new

man anointed with the Holy Spirit, tempered by the Pentecostal fire may melt and mould, masses of men and like the pen of a ready writer, write history that shall be read in the Chronicles of Eternity.

How easy it is to make an impression! Science tells us that the little bird that hopped upon the plastic earth ages ago, left a track that can be seen to-day in the solid stone. And the fern that fell from its stock and was pressed by the Virgin feet of our Edenic Mother, may be traced in all its veins and threads, in the slate and quarried coal of our deep mineral deposits. And so the tongue may heedlessly scatter words as lavishly as the falling of the autumn leaves, but all the words spoken are making impressions on the

sensitive plate of the soul, that shall outlive the tongue and the tongues of all time—impressions that shall remain when the hills shall melt like wax and this world is dissolved in the final fire. “But whether there be tongues, they shall cease.”

3. Knowledge shall pass away. It is estimated that not one book out of a thousand lives five years, and only one out of twenty thousand survives a century. Man thinks he has etched the hieroglyphs of human history imperishably in stone, but the upper and nether stones of the slowly grinding “mill of the gods” and the irresistible march of chemical change are dissolving and erasing them. Egypt may boast of her Heliopolis and her Alexandrian libraries. Athens may immor-

talize her Academy. Rome her Forum. France under the lustre of vari-colored electric light may be proud of her Sorbonne. Germany—the mistress of the air, may sit in her Heidelberg and drink from the golden chalice of high thought. England with her Oxford may point to a galaxy of brilliants whose names adorn her memories. And America with her Harvard may challenge the sun to go down upon the domain of her glory. But hark! “Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.” But love is marching on, over the ruins of human wisdom and folly, ever forward and onward, spreading silently its heavenly blessings from generation to generation and from country to country to the ends of the earth. It can

never die; it will never see the decrepitude of old age; but like its Divine Author, it will live in the unfading freshness of self renewing youth and the unbroken vigor of manhood, to the end of time and shall throb forever in the heart of God.

"Love burn and burn within my heart"

Unquenched by night and day:

O thou consuming love of God,

Burn all the dross away.

IV. Consummation of Love.

"For now we see through a glass darkly but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

1. Faith. "Now abideth faith." The writer of the Hebrews has given us a condensed

epitome of this first of the triad of graces—and in a panoramic vision gives an inventory of the exploits of the heroes and heroines of faith. One is awed as he walks through the dim, indeed dark avenues of the catacombs and communes with the dead. He is filled with wondering admiration as he walks through the art galleries of master minds. But how shall finite mind and stammering tongue, describe the emotions of rapture as we visit the “Westminster Abbey of the Old Testament” or better the Counsel Chamber of Faith. Let us pay a visit to those sacred halls and get a glimpse of this Cabinet of Bible Celebrities.

Abel is the sacrifice of faith. Enoch is the walk of faith and demonstrates how holy men

and women of all time, may have unbroken fellowship and walk with God on the "highway of holiness." Noah is faith manifested in the prophetic vision of things, not seen as yet, working and preparing an ark for the salvation of a remnant, from a judgment, that was treated by the ungodly world as a nocturnal hallucination. Abraham is the venture of faith, and the Columbus-like daring that transforms the "Ne plus ultra" of a self centred time, into the "plus ultra" on the Golden Gates of promise, and "Not knowing." But though "Not knowing" keeps the deck,
*"And sails through darkness, Ah! that night,
Of all dark nights, and then a speck"*
A star! A star! A star! A star!
It proved to be but Israel's dawn:

*"He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: On and on."*

Sara is parturiating faith that sees a numberless posterity in the promises of God. Isaac is the fruitage of faith and a prophetic promise of a time when Jesus shall meet His bride in eternal wedlock. Jacob is faith undergoing the most heroic treatment, and coming forth from the severest discipline, a prince to prevail with God. Joseph is persevering faith, going through the pit of Dothan, tossing on the dessert ship of commerce, passing like an untarnished sun beam, through the malarial atmosphere of Potiphar's house, praying and praising for years in an Egyptian dungeon, and in glorious triumph leaping to the throne of the Pharaohs.

Moses is the destiny of faith. "Little could Pharaoh and his nobles have thought when they saw the handsome face of the Hebrew child, and remarked his progress in learning, what humiliation awaited Egypt at his hands. Little could the priests have dreamt when they saw his aptness for learning and how readily he mastered the treasures of their Hermetic or Sacred Books, that his fingers, were one day to write out a system of laws and government, that would be admired and honored thousands of years, after theirs should have perished. Little could they have supposed, as they taught him to read and write the mysterious letters on tomb, temple and obelisk, intended to immortalize the mighty achievements of Egypt, that ages af-

ter those achievements should have been forgotten, the deeds and words of that Hebrew boy would be fresh and clear, in the knowledge of all the nations of the civilized world as if they had been done and spoken but yesterday by their side." "And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon and of Barak and of Sampson and of Jephthae, of David also and Samuel and of the prophets, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions. Quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valient in fight and turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

2. Hope. Hope is the prot evangelium of

history. When sin with its blighting, devastating, desolating train invaded the pristine purity of Edenic blessedness, death and the densest darkness, usurped the throne of life and light, but the white winged dove of hope appears in the thickening darkness, and "The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent," put a bright star of promise on the black back ground of awful night. When the intoxicated passions of the Antedeluvian age, provoked the outpouring of the wrath of God; As the unlocked deep and the unsealed heavens, met in dual alliance and the justice and judgment of God, lashed a shoreless sea into incarnate fury and when the lone craft of the celestial Line, moved with the majesty of the Galilean upon

the stormy sea, the bird of hope, announced with a leaf "pluckt off" that a new world and a brighter day were just at hand. When God had separated a people for Himself and Israel had begun her eventful history; When she sighed in Egyptian bondage and sung an emancipation song; when she had flourished in the Land of Canaan and risen to the zenith of her glory, under the sceptre of Solomon; then when she had once more lapsed and hung her harps on the willows, in the Captivity of Babylon, still the messenger of hope, hovered over her, untiringly flew above the threatening night and lighted upon the Babe of Bethlehem. And yet again, eighteen hundred years have rolled into the past, and in the face of a gigantic civilization and a gor-

geous culture, the white silvery clouds are turning to crimson, indeed the blaze and bloom of this "beautiful age" is deepening into blackness. The circumcised ear can hear the indignant thunders and the Christ-touched eye can see the fire tipped pen of the lurid lightning writing on the inky scroll, indelibly etching the doom of all human efforts for the regeneration and redemption of the world. But the "Blessed Hope" beside the throne, blows a blast through the silver trumpet: "Behold He cometh."

3. Love. "The greatest of these is love." "Faith looks back to the cross, Hope looks forward to the coming and Love spans the space between." "Faith brings us to Christ, hope anchors us in Christ and love makes us

like Christ." In the astral world there are seven great systems. The Satellite with its little centre, around which it revolves. Then the Planetary, which, in turn becomes the larger centre for the lower system. Above this the Solar with our blazing ball of light around which the lesser systems sweep with incalculable velocity. Farther off in space, shines the Group system, the attracting centre around which a quartette of systems gravitate. Still deeper in the planisphere the Cluster Group holds the reins as the sans of light go phaetonizing along the highway of insufferable lustre. Away in the solitudes of immensity, the Nebular domain, plays a "grand march" while six legions of created hosts with solemn step and exquisite har-

mony, march around the central city and habitation of God, as sentinels, guarding the inheritance of the redeemed. Once more, beyond the intelligent gaze of the strongest sky piercing instrument, is the Universe system. What is it? Who can tell? It may be the absolute and undefinable centre. It may be the Capital of the Universe. It may be the palacial residence of God. It may be the home of the soul. From that uncreated and inexhaustible fount of life and light, have come the system sown fields of the eternities and the myriad forms of life, mortal and immortal, that live and move and have their being in God.

But here we have three great systems in the grand climax of this glory crowned Al-

pine Subject. Faith with its star-decked firmament of ransomed souls that sparkle with the brightness of immortality, revolve around the cross of Calvary and sing:

“In the cross of Christ I glory,

Towering o’er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sacred story,

Gathers round its head sublime.

This system, in turn revolves about the system of Hope. An evangelized earth, a separated Church, without spot or wrinkle, transparent as the transfiguration and translucent as the Risen Christ, and Israel,—no more a wandering world, but restored to her place shall circle around the central Alcyone—the Coming of the Lord. But Love is the Universe System and centre of all. Here we

cannot be charged with exaggerated hyperbole. Here there is room for the largest soul. Let us give the mind the wings of the wildest imagination, and fly like the light, across the seas of oceanic contemplation, and view the vast illimitable whole, and then conceive God, infinitely above and beyond it all. The God who willed into being and upholds by His power the inestimable weight of the Universe. Who lights the torch of reason and whose image is but dimly mirrored in the race of man. O tremendous truths that toss and torment the finite mind! But when we meditate on His love, overflowing in Christ, born in a manger, chased for three and thirty years, by the sleuth hounds of malignant hate, atoning for sin on the cross, drinking

the quintessence of human guilt. When we gaze on the tragedy of time and see the paling sun, the arrested face of the Father; when we hear the cry, the eternal heart ache, bursting into the wail: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"; As we behold the dying God man, hear the earthquake, see the rending rocks and hear the demon hosts, in unholy exultation; When we see Him drain the cup of death to the bitterest dregs and dash it to pieces on the rocks of Golgotha; When we see the Conqueror, bowing to the awful burden, facing the phalanxes of death, breaking their ranks, like the heroes of David, leaping from the cross, in His undying spirit, invading the Hadean regions, and coming forth in the glad Easter morning, triumph-

antly dragging, death and the grave as captives, in His train; When with wondering rapture we see the Victor on Olivet mounting the triumphal car and rolling the clouds as the dust under the wheels of the ascending chariot and in visions of faith get a foretaste of our Lord and Saviour, laying down the finished work of atoning love at His Father's feet and hear the heavenly orchestra sing: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches and wisdom, and strength and honor and blessing," shall we not exclaim; "That we might comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length and depth and height of love." "The greatest of these is love."

*"When faith shall yield her golden key,
And we by knowledge climb,
Truth's capitol, love's fame shall shoot
Fresh buds through endless time."*

*When hope shall full fruition find,
And never more return;
As age on age shall roll away
Love's light shall ever burn.*

*Love brings a gift to sinful man,
The price no tongue can tell;
It lifts the fallen and forlorn
From sin and death and hell.*

*Love comes from high to low estate,
To bring angelic fire;
"Aeolic songs to modulate,
To the arch angels lyre."*

*"Love builds a monument her own,"
More lasting far than brass;*

*The ancient pyramids in stone
"In height it doth surpass."*

*"Rain cannot sap nor driving blast"
Dissolve its solid base;
"Nor coun/less ages rolling past,
Its symmetry deface."*

*When moon and stars forget to shine,
And fiery sun shall die;
Love's monument of burnished gold,
Shall pierce a cloudless sky.*

*When groaning nature evermore,
Is saved from satan's thrall;
Then Christ shall give the kingdom up,
And Love be all in all.*

*To Faith and Hope and Love,
Three obelisks shall rise;
Their base a ransomed universe,
Their apex in the skies.*

Gems by Rev. Walter Russell.

Law deals with conduct; grace with character. Golden character will always ensure, golden conduct.

It is not new Revelations we need but a Spirit illumination of the Old Revelation.

The Creeds were never intended to carve

“NE PLUS ULTRA” but “PLUS ULTRA” on the Golden Gates of uncrossed seas and undiscovered continents of truth.

God either coerces or constrains His people to come out of the world; He coaxed Abraham, but burned Lot out.

It is better to be a man God believes in than a man that believes in God.

Your sins will take you if you do not take them to judgment.

The Cross is the colossal crisis of history: it is offensive to the sinner and defensive to the saint.

You can never settle down in Christ till
you settle up with God.

Every time an anointed minister goes in-
to the pulpit, for some soul, the Judgment
seat is set.

Multitudes throng Jesus, that never
touch Him; it is the touch of faith that brings
life and health from the medicated hem.

The Word without the fire has filled the
Church with formalism, the fire without the
Word has threatened her with fanaticism.

If you want to find a crow, sow corn; if
an eagle throw out carrion: and if you want

to find the Spirit born soul, sow the Word of God.

The bullet of the savage is revolutionary;
the ballot of the sage is reformatory, but the
Blood of the Saviour is transformatory.

Does Christian service chafe? A yoke
well made, and well put on a well behaved ox
never hurts the ox.

Knowledge puffeth up, but love buildeth
up.

It takes no anointing, but flinty grit to
denounce; but a Christ filled life finds it easy
to renounce.

God created man on the sixth day and gave him a day of rest before setting him to keep and trim the garden; so, when He creates the New Man in Christ Jesus, He gives him the rest of faith, and then says: "Go, work in my vineyard."

God is too great for our heads to explain, but not for our hearts to experience.

HIS WILL IS BEST.

“He doeth all things well,”

Though dark the night and drear:
No path is hopeless or forlorn,
His presence makes it clear.

“He doeth all things well,”

Though treading desert sand;
The fiery pillar guides the way,
To Canaan's happy land.

“He doeth all things well,”

Though fires intenser burn;
He walks amid the scorching flame,
To comfort those who mourn.

“He doeth all things well,”

Though laid on bed of pain;
This test of faith shall surely bring,
To us, eternal gain.

“He doeth all things well,”

Though tossed upon the sea;
There's one with us upon the bark,
Who stilled proud Galilee.

“He doeth all things well”

Whatever may betide;
We hear the blessed Master say:
We'll cross to yonder side.

“He doeth all things well,”

Though spoken now in sorrow;
But hope beholds the coming dawn,
Of beautiful to-morrow.

“He doeth all things well,”

His name we still shall laud;
For on the clouds of inky hue,
We see the bow of God.

“He doeth all things well,”

Our spirits are at rest;
God holds the keys of all unknown,
And what He does is best.

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